

CROWS WIRED

20

The Mystery of the Disappearing Plot +
what 31/10 means

Ethics of Fandom: Though Shalt not Idolise



A FIRST: HUMAN PICTURES

TREAT: Chronicles of Glan, Electric
Improv Man and Men with Chips

BACK IN SAME FORMAT

Alright, let's keep this thing moving

Ok yep here's the preamble. It'll be a preamble.
Ah fuck it waste of time. Don't get those cords in a tangle eh. Just enough to shove it in there. Yep.
Cross Wires yeah, I know, moving on...

MEN WITH CHIPS

ATTENTION. SPENT. Has to be the most profound name for an album I have come across, and in such perfect empathy with how I feel about the idea of music in my most urgent, critically-minded times. It gives weight and physical, momentum-fueled substance (camaraderie?) to my abstracted (over-thinking-driven?) convictions (abstracted camaraderie..?). I am staring at their cover on the shelf, and am mainly writing this by recalling shows. I'd better write about the shows.

I didn't just go to the show and write about it because a) didn't have this zine and b) some things need to stew for a while. So here's a show review from last year, so you're holding yesterday's paper. Last year's paper. On top of that, this is URGENT MUSIC, I say. I also say, that I really enjoyed the show as a kind of participant, that is to say that I felt more drawn in than usual. There is something rarely joyous about the mix of earnestly urgent, terse intellectual vocal delivery and simple bass, with Elvis-like moves, and a fast but unfrantic, possibly underage drummer, seeming to lack any pretentious motive whatsoever. This jumble is distinct from *political* music and 'rock' music.

Now I do notice some possibly contrived hints at curiously political and art class type thinking, like worker uniforms, some themes about environmentalism in the Androssan video, but, they overall connect parts in a way that is odd and physically, socially energised that there must be something outside of 'art world' or academic behind it. The lyrics do seem abstruse, do make me puzzle, does give off a bit of a uni aesthetic at times, but they are so good and natural, laden with good will and old fashioned duty of getting an important job done (and enjoying themselves innocently too - secondarily). They appear to be avoiding manipulating or telling you what to do (unlike guilt-tripping conduits of activist

propaganda, or dogged but perspective-lite image manipulators/'creatives'), avoiding drawing attention to themselves personally, but nonetheless seen filled with drive to do something about the world's suffering at large. You could say they show hints of insecure millennial's recourse to homegrown, old-fashioned goodness with their South Australia by the Pogues cover (they are from Adelaide) but aren't about that (you can tell the gimmicky, hipster-cliche ones, using matey nostalgia as a vessel for regressive smart-arsery, eg. Suicide Country Hour) Men With Chips are most often opposite of fuzzy warm insularity. Old fashioned, decent seeming team playing boys perhaps, but – culture isn't static, good boys and comrades play, intellectuals in a globally-aware media landscape must be cleverly detached from the drills and rallies of arbitrary boundaries of cities and nations. Hint at your expanding boundaries. It's all made of man/womanpower, technology and ideas, anyhow. So, *think*, but not like a tepid or over-assured trope, resemble some kind of lively social organism.

The things you can't contrive quickly (or at all?), to put pent up energy to use, are convenient common reference points, experiences, sacredness, motivation, and so on - the damn mass psychology, sociology, political science. Other people's perceptions & reactions. Every solution posed to every horrible thing in the world that we get terse about – even every *explanation* – is laden with some kind of reminder of narrow-mindedness, stigma of stale authority, or naivety about the nature of crowds or other factors. Don't mope about it too much. Bark your fragmented (almost inevitably fragmented, if you're mixing your influences) intellectually-charged convictions in a noble way, if that finds chemistry with someone. Where'd we all (humans) start? Absurdity, very limited resources, then playfulness and conflict.

Saw them a second time at the Portugal Madeira Club in Sydney, where I was inspired to buy a bowl of chips, and share them at the door. Then they made me feel like moving again – two counts of them energising me in times of tiredness of mood, which makes a statistically stronger case for them. Also, what supports my assertion of their music reflecting a uniquely,

urgently intellectual, but wholesomely energetic and deranged in a purposeful seeming way is that their frontman said he was studying maths at uni. And lots of other things, I think. Such discipline. Their bassist also looks a bit like Elvis, and the drummer fits between this intellectual & good simple R&R charisma like a charm. In conclusion... Attention

-----well-----spent.
(& spend to make more.)

WEIRDEST 'RELIGIOUS' SONG

“Johnny and Dee Dee
they're my heroes for life

Johnny and Dee Dee by The Eastern Darks (1985) is civilisation, is about escaping the grasp of a disappointed libido into the plane of cultural refinement, into almost worshipping devotion and peace courtesy of Ramones on TV. Who needs sex when you've got heroes on TV? It's also very catchy, with exceptional pop sensibility for an underrated Australian band of the era, unthreatening & honest but not too self-absorbed, problem-reflective but healthily confident. Sure, there's something gauche and inadvisable, definitely against punk principles (it was 1985), to heart-on-sleeve idealise a TV hero. In the end they're probably the crowd you'd rather hang out with though, they'll just be like “fuck yeah!” about stuff they like, tell you a good honest story. Honestly cool.

Just hope they (& any cute teeny bopper) don't get a shock considering what kind of things famous guys in punk bands probably do and what the implications are (they probably won't, doubt they're *actually* as starry-eyed as they sound) for this zealous jubilation they've constructed. Guess this kind of thing can make or break an existential or moral/ethical crisis. Eh, just a pop song. You'll enjoy it in the right frame of mind and if not, well, it's just a pop song. No promise of saving the world.

Don't know how far we'd get if we idolised a bunch of people (who lucked out in 20th century tech & industry burst) like religiously. Honestly dorks. But it's a damn perfect pop song, isn't it? Cheers you up on a dull day.

Fun note courtesy of Wikipedia: They were an offshoot of the Celibate Rifles, name inspired by the Sex Pistols.

LOST THE PLOT

Been stuck writing my own advice for a while, forgetting that I have a lot already. I knew there was something off about the following but persisted. Who/what am I talking about? Is it some kind of half-arsed critique on the arts industry? Veiled self-pity? I dunno, gonna leave this here anyway.

I'm more thinking of 'the political' more than anything here, cause 'the plot' in abstract is more important there than when you want to have fun with 'culture'. Easy to get uninspired and debilitatingly analytical.

Maybe you end up building something not quite what you intended. The wrong spirit of going about things leaks in and things are less on point. Or maybe accidentally it is point, or it's fine and just you're being hypercritical because you've only forgotten the part of the plot that gives you congenial confidence.

Something about the task of music and writing is that you can't lose the plot too much and retain your job. It's lacking in employment/role protection safeguards for certain manifestations of disability, and of certain health & allowance requirements (holidays etc.). No matter what you've built up, your work can topple to irrelevance for a period of time, the faith being kept in earlier work, but yourself in the present being a reminder of having occupied a kind of semi-wilderness where the alternative was never really solidly built (in mind and/or culture).

You have a 'job' to do. I mean you have a loosely defined 'job', that's not especially managed, not discrimination-protected by law, is highly specialised... Created by yourself & people of reference. You're not always capable of understanding (getting a useful hunch for) your

task and carrying it through, unless the drivers of this task (situation, culture, socialisation) are a constant refreshment and you've got a fantastically reliable brain and body. Won't say it's OK, won't say it's not. Just happens. Might reskill, self-designate alternate tasks for a time but it's still hard to be out of your role. You're all still welcome, lovely people, to reap the benefits of collective 'work'. It's not all about your job in the end, anyhow, your 'work', albums blah blah, it's about a bunch of stuff. Everyone's good at something, even mundane stuff. It should be OK to not be talented or intelligent or attractive, or 'productive', or even have much to say. What I'm trying to say is...

- now, days (or a week?) after I wrote the bulk of this – isn't it awe-inspiring and occasionally angst-inducing that any self-directed, complex thing like a song or writing or a relationship maybe could take 7508437509847258974395+ different forms and ends up something in particular? And you sometimes try to think about what just came out of you & why, try to get the mindset back? You made an executive decision there, minframe leagues above most entrepreneurs, smugly excited 'go-getter' types, methodical actual executives. There are only handfuls of public figures, even, who can keep stock of cultural life etc. and make independent (well, genuinely, broad-mindedly inspired) statements.

It can take a lot of energy and perhaps uncommon perceptiveness to even grasp (feel as well as think) why (or, that) what we're *deciding to do* makes sense, even more than simple energy and whatever brain chemicals required to piece what you need to do together, without 'planning' often – without having a set, externally-enforced object of work. I mean a set object might be this piece of paper, record etc. but it has to be *for* something, more than what you state or feel *should* force you to work. A set object might also be to print it out and give it to you, but it has to be for something else too. It might be the most boring, faithless object still even if it were *inspired*, by deepest love and pain, if it didn't have some, ah I'm thinking of some barely-definable quality here, you know what I mean?. No, it wouldn't be *boring* – probably a lot more addictingly gratifying, actually – but it'd be more

shunken, fit for tabloids, TV, clickbait, for your cosy vicariousness.

Even now my concentration is waning but I'm trying to tap into that spirit of getting things done and channelling energy towards something that not only, doesn't exist in exactly this form and place, is based on not only, mirroring similarly vulnerable people around me, but an understanding of it not being about myself or a few people, and, it not being perfect BUT, a hope in an ideal that is not seen, and is relevant to worldly struggles (not ~art~)

It's entirely necessary to have a little frailty and disconnect here – or at least is has been, in lots of the issues I've done. My problem of late has been not that it's hard to find enough words, but that they have come out in massive blocks that don't feel wrong but don't feel that on point either. My feelings aren't what ultimately matter here – it's the text itself, it's the job – but I can't just trust my intellect or sense of pleasure to come up with stuff.

Shouldn't be like getting used to a white collar job, Fueled By Caffeine mug, Guardian, New York Times, Forbes in a cafe in front of me. Need a sense of proportion socialisation, vulnerability and a dose of clashing-of-worlds can give (OR ruin). You can write good, but still stuck.

No, you won't get the right formula, right substance, so on for this elusive perfect job. It probably won't be handed to you. Sometimes you get lucky, and turn empty (or masked?) angst into dignified human struggle. Or, it gets turned into dignified human struggle on its own, morphs semi-naturally, through yourself and others in temp. formation, somehow understanding greater purpose (but not becoming a dumb arrogant, sticky monolithic, stifling work institution with questionable spirit of benevolence). Even then, time for everything... Chug along with the fundamentals, churn em out, keep an eye out. Can't choose *all* your ingredients (or bowl). Eat it.

Filler Tuesday (and it *is* Tuesday, precision in line with science theme)

pi is 3.14 etc. just because (neu scientist mag,

2011), which multiverse theory would explain

human logic comes to conclusion that life is 'meaninglessness' just cause, cause a bunch of stuff u factor (objectively'). the sum of 'logic' doesn't equal something neat, nothing does. 3.14 wtf. In parallel universe maybe life completes, i dunno. pi is 3.15 and life is a little more meaningful. is that sophism? i dunno. what is 'being existential' meaning neway? thoughts 4 ur head/brain/mind

MANNERS BRIEFLY + JUNK BAR



Illustration 1: It's Tristan!

Manners makes me think, "Go Brisbane". Like they're gonna be catapulted out of Brisbane or something. Same with Scaredy Snake. New era of Brisbane music with less scrappy franticness and sharehouse semiforced cosiness, more expansive telecommunication style ('telecommunication' sounds a bit quaint, which seems right for a mix of retro/nostalgia and fresh endeavour). Oh yeah and Scraps also fits this pattern a bit but still has a tentative, hand-kneaded digital static strangeness. Septic Tankers, at a real stretch, cause the name references sewage pipes which are sort of like telecommunication wires (as infrastructure). Infrastructures leading from and around the kitchen, out to the world. Add to list Glen Schenau, of course, more IF he didn't continually

subvert his own act. Little product consistency (or too much, eg. when they wanna see the manual labour in action & no laptops). More art strangeness than dreamy happy/sad band.

Did see him (zine is Chronicles of Glen part. 2533?) viscerally-seeming, venomously hiss and scowl and almost ASMR massage an audience sitting in a dark, curtained Eastern-themed bar called the Junk Bar last night. Him curtained behind his ever-growing hair & hoodie. Improv set, guitar only.

Joe Musgrove who played before him did a set of knob turning electro-wand waving, laptop-glowing, part-doom dystopian, part ambient arcade noise, cool improv sounds (reminding me again, of Frakreactor, that glorious, semi-controlled collision of influences). Think I might've heard a car or bus sample too. Looked at the backdrop of massive fine art realism paintings, all these crafty elaborate adornments and thought of the fine motor nerves involved here & the intimacy of slightness of touch and detail, imagined that all these cords were an extension of his central nervous system and that I wasn't actually, really *out* tonight, it wasn't the spirit of being in public, or of intimacy of a social kind. More 90s, 00's scifi than 80s optimism & brave emotion – cool headed techno but with more thought. Cosy & self-contained, with a drink aid.

Now, Glen, had a relationship with this big lonely amp to the side, and this duct taped guitar in his hands. In a quiet bit in where he seemed to be plucking up and down according to some accumulative mathematical pattern which I think, I'd not have the attention span to count out myself (or maybe it was after then, there were many parts to this) that big old amp made a noise like a noisy pedestal fan. To my mild delight, actually. Also to my mild delight, Glen turned facing the thing directly for a good minute maybe. Blandly whirred on and off with Glen playing on top of it, asserting his importance over the thing. Staring it down like the dumb object it is (it resolved itself). Tool in his hands suffered more in the end though with all strings plucked off one after the other (its electronics were being beligerant, I heard). There you go, satisfying ending.

The first band Jive Canyon (I think?), I'll add (caught briefly at the start) was a four piece (woodwind?) with a cello, looking at each other carefully. Classy & sensitive (though not too much to play Matt



Illustration 2: Glen with other poster at earlier show, the whole band played a song that time. Also ~1/3 of Heidi the camerawoman (footage on internet)

Kennedy's *Resident Dregs* Fest some time back. Which, actually was full of artfully agile & sensitive acts.

Notable was some kind of cartwheel by one of the Gregs performing). Junk Bar, interesting Wednesday night, projecting my digital haze onto it.

Aw yeah and adding to the grease & physical convincingness of it, Glen got pizza from a pizza chain, 4 seated around table, placed in front of each a mini printed hand-drawn poster for a future show.

PAPERING THE GAP (OR NOT)

There's a large gap between now and no. 19 of about two months where my usual social life was interrupted and I tried to grapple with conservative relatives and review *Dispossessed*, amongst other difficult topics. Over & above the last forced church thing, which had more novelty interest and underdog innocence than anything I could write about NZ cultural observations, overt and implicit politics of *Dispossessed*, or outspoken social conservatives.

Actually, I also did a load of band reviews in NZ. Reviews that're under review, including a review of Meat Thump (whose late Brendon Annesley did Negative Guest List, which this operation is quite indebted to), which didn't really constitute a review, more just lame shit about myself.

That, plus a long-winding metaphor based on gardens where I pretend to be a suburban goth

and skirt around stifling social influences.

That, plus some damn errands, and the usual murky, circular personal psychology stuff isolation brings.

So, you got a sneak preview of yesterday's yesterday's paper.

SEMI NEW MEAT THUMP NEWS

An ex Meat Thump & White Cop member Noob (Matthew Fresta) has emerged from hiatus with a label called Coward Punch and has been pressing a bunch of old, unreleased Meat Thump stuff. Latest, self titled 7". Also some t-shirts. I don't usually announce this kind of stuff here, and they're probably all gone anyhow but COWARD PUNCH is an appealing name and friend reunions are heartwarming, aren't they?

RAGS TO INSTAPICTURES: HOW 2 B A NEAT N.E.E.T.

Hello again it is the Crosserd Wirres intern volunteer – yes I am not paid I am not a sell out – and I certainly have changed over the eyars in ways I will explain. When I began, in my aspiration to be standing up for social conscious in a counter culture maggazine, I started off with nothing in a school and suburb in where I was made guilty for having nothing such as, I was not allowed to be punk because, I did not have first hand the old retro handy downs and the oppressions as there was a shopping centre with new things that are affordable. To achieve where I am today there were many things I self-initiative – did for myself – so dont judge. Well firstly I did put in op shop clothes as a statement for the poor and for saving money as anti consumerism.

Another thing was that the punks went to state school where there they could feel more lower class and act more punk, without wasting their parents money (who are actually poorer than the government). And I was not allowed to be punk I had to go to the shopping centre. There was also no one to be mean to who desserved it mostly though there was rich kids and a lot of sexism and consumerist aspiration with also religion (but charity too). Where even if I couldof been

punk, the over seas poverty was shown to make me a poser. And also Jesus said blessed are the poor and the rich have to sell all their things.

I did not sell my windows Vista computer with the Lime Wire mp3's on it (oops I stole? shhh, perhaps I am a real punk), I was a hypocrite if I was religios. If I was punk also. The computer I got from my Mum and dad's (..yes they are together which I also felt self conscious about) their tax return because of Kevin Rudd and they got some money to give to the land lords. So I was not allowed to do DIY decorations like the punks in public housing or squats. But I am proud that I had a lower class experience of housing which even some other punks, emos, gangstas, activists etc. cannot brag.

Well what I did after school was try to get a job in a factory or a warehouse like the songs I heard like The Clash and then The Fall (as I got more aware of the world and toughened in unemployment). I went to protests in the CBD and unfortunately could (would, it is my fault) find no bins unlocked for being health conscious and not wanting to cultural appropriate the homeless but I comprimised and bought a 7/11 coffee (I didnt eat much because I didnt want to be consumerist and to fit tight jeans).

I did not find a factory or warehouse job like 70s and 80s punks to support a punk life style and found hospitality shifts and TAFE which is low class also but in support of main stream fake culture and unnecessary harms for environment, and the poor people who would not afford such things. I went to university eventually like the Young Ones an could not find a gross (but in a romantic way) enough share house or anarchist badges that did not make me feel out of fasshion (though I almost kicked a TV into the Nerang river on the way home from Max Employment, and the op shops). In addition I sought medical treatment for things which I could of lived with if I were tough like the proper punks like anemia from lentil malabsorbtion and acne. But those punks in the photos look like they could be pretty anyhow so they might not of got it anyhow.

In my NEET experience I learned many other aspects of low class culture first hand which is called in sociology terms cultural capital, in order

to achieve my dreams. I hope youwill drink a low carb cider to that (but not smoking) (also only about 4 ciders maximum)(also too much coffee and energy drinks is bad for you I know first hand). (Also shhh a lot of the punks went to university in America even where it is called school and are private fees)

I look forward to a bright future using my culture capital for centrelink (a social worker?) or a touring musician and writer of course (a culture worker) 8-D thank u sooo much

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

- Executive Internnn



*A FIRST: ANON FAN ART
SUBMISSION*

